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County, Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, Attorney Public, Office
at the Court House.

Timothy Fletcher, Treasurer of
Ottawa County, and Attorney Public, Office
at the Court House.

Augustus W. Taylor, Judge of
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Ottawa Center. Mondays, First and Third
Mondays of each Mo.

J. D. Vandervoort, Justice of the
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James Sawye, County Surveyor,
Post-Office address Eastmanville, Ottawa
County, Mich.

Wm. H. Parks, Attorney and Counselor
at Law, Office, Washington Street, opposite
the 1st Cong. Ch.

Atwood & Aley, Counselors at
Law, Office, 2nd, above the News Office,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Grosvenor, Counselor at Law, Office in
Chambers, Office, Washington street, first door East
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J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon,
Grand Haven, Mich. Office, Washington
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S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon,
Office at his residence, Washington street,
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Wm. M. Berry Jr., Manufacturer
of Sundry Marine, high or low pressure
engines, all kinds of Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferrysburg,
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Haven, Mich.

Will Wallace, Grocer and Provision
Merchant, One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Varts & Stedgman, Dealers
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Grain, and Lard, Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Rhode Co., Wholesale and Retail
Grocers, and Feed Dealers, First
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Pamphlets, School Books, Stationery,
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Nuts, etc., a choice assortment of Holiday
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meres, etc., a Choice Shop, Washington St.
next door, Drug Store.

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Tailors, Ready-Made Clothing and
Gents Furn. Goods, Broadcloths, Cassi-
meres, Vests, etc., At the Post-Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

Porters & Thibson, Manufacturers
of and Dealers in Clothing Goods, No. 16,
Canal Street, Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lum-
ber, Lath, Pickets, etc., and Dealers
in all kinds of Lumber, Provisions, Shin-
gle Bolts and Staves, Ferrysville, White
River, Mich.

Ferry & Co., Manufacturers and
Wholesale Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, etc., Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
226, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Boot & Shoe, Manufacturing and Re-
pairing Shop, (opposite) over Wallace's
Store, Washington Street, Grand Haven.
E. KIRBY, Proprietor, Grand Haven.

Wm. Bentley, Lard Saloon, (up
stairs,) second door, the Ottawa House,
Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

E. W. Lewis, Doctor of the Cot-
tage Saloon, is now
short notice, Warm
Feet, Serrines, etc.,
Hill, Hill Point, Mich., near Slinger

The Old Canoe.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank—
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day thro',
Lay at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath
lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While hasty back and forth between,
The splicer stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rote slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a
flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er, the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat as will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the moonlit chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn aswag,
By the dipping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs
quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are
thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and hosts were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe!

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sloughy tide,
The boat is a dead leaf, a withered tree,
And the hands that lent to the light shift wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things,
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray
threw,
Ere the blossoms faded, or the green moss grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

FANNIE CLIFTON'S ELOPEMENT.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"Fannie," said Judge Clifton, to his
daughter, one morning, laying down his
paper, over the top of which he had been
for some moments intently regarding her,
"come hither, my child."

Fanny very dutifully did as she was
bidden. As she stood by his side, the
Judge took both of her small hands in
one of his, and smoothing caressingly
with the other, her soft, shining hair,
looked tenderly into her face.

"You are a woman now, Fannie," he
said.

"Eighteen last Christmas, father, re-
turned Fannie, demurely, trying to as-
sume the dignity which belonged to that
mature age. Though to tell the truth
they looked strangely out of keeping, with
her slight form and girlish face, and, in
spite of all her efforts, her rosy mouth
would dimple with smiles, and her eyes
were the arch, saucy expression that was
natural to them.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the
old gentleman, heaving a deep sigh.—
"How time does go, to be sure! You are
a year older than your mother was when
I married her."

"Well, well," he resumed after a pause,
taking off his spectacles, and after wiping
them carefully, re-adjusted them on
his nose, "I suppose I must come to it
some time, and it may as well be first as
last. All fathers have to lose their
daughters, and I suppose I shall have to
make up my mind to lose you."

"Lose me, father!" exclaimed Fannie,
opening her eyes in astonishment.—
"Why, what do you mean? I hope I
am not going to die yet awhile."

"You know well enough what I mean,
you jade. I mean that, like all the rest
of the silly young girls who never know
when they are well off, you will be get-
ting married."

"For shame! father," exclaimed Fannie,
blushing and laughing, "I shall do
no such thing!"

"Of course not," returned the Judge,
dryly. "Never had such an idea during
the whole course of your life, I dare say.
Couldn't be persuaded to do anything so
highly improper!"

"But what put that idea into your
head this morning, father?" persisted
Fannie, whose curiosity was aroused.
"The visit of a certain young gentle-
man, who has requested permission to
pay his addresses to you."

"That homely and disagreeable Major
Sinclair, I suppose," said Fannie scorn-
fully.

"No, my dear, it was not. It was
that handsome and very agreeable Mr.
Charles Ray. What do you think of that?"

"To her father's surprise, Fannie's coun-
tenance fell; her rose-bud lips showed a
very perceptible pout, and a frown actual-
ly gathered on her smooth, open brow.

"Think!" she repeated, with a disdain-
ful toss of the head, "I think he came on
a fool's errand, that is what I think!"

"Hoity, toity!" exclaimed the old gen-
tleman with a puzzled air. "What has
come over you now? It seems to me
that you have changed your opinion very
suddenly."

"As Mr. Ray never took the trouble
to ask my opinion, it can matter very lit-
tle to him if I have," retorted Fannie, in-
dignantly.

"Oh, ho! there is where the shoe pinches,
is it?" said Judge Clifton, laughing.

"Well, never mind, my dear, he is com-
ing here sometime to day to talk with you
about it. I have given him my full per-
mission."

"Without which he would have stayed
away, I suppose," said Fannie, in an un-
der tone.

"What is that, my dear?" inquired the
old Judge, who was a little deaf.

"I said that it will not be convenient
for me to see Mr. Ray," said Fannie in a
loud voice. "He may come, if he chooses,
but I shall not be at home."

"Fannie," said Judge Clifton, sternly,
"what is the meaning of this folly? Of
course you will receive him. Mr. Ray is
a worthy and honorable man, and I insist
that he shall be treated civilly."

"I suppose the next thing you will be
telling me is, that I must receive him with
this unwelcome harshness in her indul-
gent father."

"My dear child," said the Judge, kindly
touched by the evident grief of his daugh-
ter, though unable to understand the cause,
"I shall insist on no such thing. I really
thought you had a partiality for the
young man, and I was glad of it, for I
entertain a high opinion of him. But if
it is not so we will say no more about it.
Only remember that I desire you to see
him this evening and tell him so yourself."

"But it so happened that business of a
very pressing nature, called Fannie over
to her sister's that evening, much to her
lover's disappointment, and her father's
chagrin, who was quite mystified at his
daughter's conduct.

"Only to think, Mary," said Fannie,
as she drew a chair up to the table where
her sister sat sewing, "that Charles Ray
has asked father's permission to visit me!"

"Well, it is just what I expected," re-
plied Mary, quietly.

"What! without saying a word to me
about it?"

"I suppose he was pretty well infor-
med of your sentiments in regard to him,"
said her sister, smiling.

"Well he will find himself mistaken, if
he thinks he is going to marry me," said
the little lady, with great dignity. "I
have no idea of being lorgained for like
a piece of merchandise!"

"Why, Fannie! I really thought you
liked Charles. I am sure it was very
proper and honorable in him to ask father's
permission before speaking to you."

"Very proper, I dare say," returned
Fannie scornfully. "But I can not abide
these proper people that always do every-
thing by rule. I suppose if father had
refused, he would have walked away as
meek as a whipped spaniel, and never
come near us!"

"How ridiculous, Fannie! father thinks
a great deal of Mr. Ray. I heard him
say the other day that he would rather
have him for a son-in-law than any one
he knew."

"He thinks a great deal more of him
than I do," said Fannie's scornful
rejoinder. "I have no idea of having a
husband picked out for me. I can make
my own selection. And I would rather
never marry than have for my husband
such a tame, spiritless man as Charles Ray!"

This obvious change in her deportment
quite disheartened poor Charles, who was
sincerely attached to her, and was a source
of much annoyance to Judge Clifton who
had set his heart upon the match.

"My child," said the Judge to Fannie
one morning a few days after, "I quite
agree with you in your opinion of Mr.
Ray; he is an insufferable puppy!"

"Who? Charles Ray?" said Fannie, in
astonishment.

"Yes, Charles Ray, I repeat it, he is
an insufferable puppy," said the old gen-
tleman, in a still more excited tone and
manner, bringing his cane down on the
floor with emphasis. "To keep hanging
around here, when he knows he's not
wanted! I shall take the very first op-
portunity I have of requesting him to dis-
continue his visits."

"Why, how you talk, father!" exclaim-
ed Fannie, her color rising. "I see noth-
ing at all out of the way in the young
man; he has always behaved remarkably
well, I am sure."

"Perhaps you may not," replied the
Judge, sternly, "but I do; which is of
some importance, whatever you may
think to the contrary. And I shall make
it a point with you that you abstain
from all intercourse with him."

And so saying the old gentleman went
out of the room, banging the door after
him in a manner that quite frightened
her, who had never known her father to
be so excited before.

It so happened that Charles called that
very afternoon.

"I can't imagine what father can see
out of the way with him," thought Fannie,
as she looked upon his handsome, an-
imated countenance. "He has a beauti-
ful smile, and is so gentlemanly in his
manner, besides."

Perhaps something of this was visible
in Fannie's countenance. At any rate,
there was something in its expression
which emboldened him to take a seat by
her side, which he had not done before.

He had hardly done so, however, when
the door opened, and Judge Clifton walk-
ed in.

His brow grew dark, his eye fell on Mr.
Ray.

"How is this, Fannie?" he said sternly;
"I thought I had previously instructed
you in regard to your intercourse with
this gentleman. And as for you," he
added turning to Charles, "I beg leave to
inform you that you are coming here for
what you won't get with my consent. I
have other views for my daughter, and
desire that you will, for the future, keep
away from this house."

This tirade so shocked and astonished
Fannie that she burst into tears. Upon
which her father told her, in no very
gentle tone, to leave the room, which she
lost no time in obeying.

After indulging in a long, hearty cry,
Fannie wiped her eyes, and went over to
her sister's to pour out her grievances in-
to her sympathizing bosom.

Mary consoled her as well as she could,
but ended in advising her to soften her
father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray as
much as possible. To which the young
lady very indignantly responded, "that she
would do first. That she would show
father that she was not a child, to be con-
trolled in that way, not she!"

Fannie stayed to tea; and in the eve-
ning who should come in but Charles
Ray.

The meeting was rather embarrassing
to both; but Fannie, anxious to atone for
her father's rudeness to him in the morn-
ing, was more than usually gracious and
conciliating and this soon wore away.

Charles remained all the evening, and
at its close accompanied Fannie to her
father's door, though he did not deem it
advisable to go further.

"How well Mr. Ray looked to-night,"
said Fannie, to herself, as she entered her
room. "I never knew him to be so
agreeable."

After this Fannie met him frequently
at her sister's and every succeeding inter-
view deepened the favorable impression
she received that evening. Until at last
the little lady's heart was fairly caught,
brought to terms and obliged to surren-
der, and to that "tame, spiritless man,
Charles Ray."

When Fannie began to realize the state
of her feelings, the strong aversion that
her father had so suddenly conceived for
her lover began to trouble her. But in
spite of all she could say, she was unable
to persuade him to renew his former propo-
sition to the Judge, or make the least
attempt to conciliate him.

Weeks passed. As there appeared to

be no hope of obtaining Judge Clifton's
consent, Charles at last proposed a clan-
destine marriage, and after a severe strug-
gle in Fannie's heart between her affec-
tion for her father, and her love for him,
the latter triumphed.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night,
and Fannie Clifton sat at the open win-
dow of her room, anxiously awaiting the
approach of her lover. An elopement
did not seem to her quite so funny an af-
fair after all; her cheeks were pale, and
tears filled her eyes as she thought of the
indulgent father that she was about to
leave forever.

Suddenly a low whistle fell upon her
ear. Fannie seized her bonnet and shawl,
and gliding noiselessly down stairs, was
soon in her lover's arms.

"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I am
afraid I am doing wrong. It seems un-
grateful to leave poor father who has been
so kind to me."

"Do you love him better than you do
me, Fannie?" inquired Charles, a little
reproachfully.

"Oh, no, Charles, I did not mean
that! But do you really think he will
forgive me?"

"I have not the least doubt of it,
darling," he replied, a quiet smile playing
around his mouth.

Soothed by this assurance, she allowed
him to lift her into the carriage.

"I hope you are not going to stop
here, Charles," said Fannie, in alarm,
shrinking back into the carriage, as, after
riding nearly a mile, they drew up in
front of a large, white house.

"Why, this is Elder Kingley's! I know him
very well."

"Oh, that will make no difference," re-
sponded Charles, easily jumping out and
then holding out his hands for her to get
out. "I have told him all about it. He
is expecting us."

It seemed so; for the venerable man
had not yet retired, and manifested no
displeasure at their coming.

They stood up, and Elder Kingley, in
a few solemn words, united them for life.

The ceremony was so brief that Fannie
could hardly realize that she was a
wife, and looked up bewildered into her
husband's face, who was looking down
upon her with a proud and happy smile.

They were too much absorbed in their
own happiness to observe the approach of
a gentleman who had entered the room
unperceived, until he stood directly op-
posite them. Fannie turned, and uttered
a cry of terror and surprise, for it was
Judge Clifton, whose eyes were fixed up-
on her with an expression of severe dis-
pleasure; though an attentive observer
would have noticed a slight twitching
around the mouth evidently prompted by
a strong inclination to laugh.

"Forgive me, father!" exclaimed the
new-made bride, bursting into tears.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Judge, un-
able longer to contain himself. "For-
give you! Of course I won't. I'll cut
you off without a shilling—banish you
from my house forever, you deceitful bag-
gage you. Do you know what you have
done you ungrateful minx? You have
married the very man I selected for you
—done the very thing you declared over
and over again, that you never would do!
Ha! ha! ha! it is the most capital joke
I ever heard of!"

When Fannie comprehended the suc-
cessful ruse that had been practiced
against her, she made a strong effort
to assume a displeased and indignant
look, but it was a complete failure. She
was, in reality, too happy at the unex-
pected turn affairs had taken to look other-
wise than pleased; and received the con-
gratulations of her numerous friends who
now poured in from an adjoining room,
with all the smiles and blushes usual on
such occasions.

"Are you offended, dearest?" enquir-
ed Charles, as soon as they were free
from observation. Fannie might have
been; but there was certainly no trace of
anger in the soft, blue eyes that were
raised to his, overflowing with love and
happiness.

"No; why do you ask such a question?"

"Cause that looks man with a heap o'
hair on his face cote'd hold of her and
said he was going to take the honey from
her life!" and she said, "well, make
haste!"

Commercial Aspect of Central Africa.

An interesting lecture was recently deliv-
ered by Rev. Dr. Bowen, before the
Mercantile Library Association, N. York,
upon the commercial resources of Central
Africa, and the practicality of opening
a large and profitable trade between that
section of the world and the United
States. Mr. Bowen is of opinion, from
personal experience, that a trade (now
paying 30 to 50 percent profit,) to the
amount of thirty millions per annum,
can be established with the River Niger,
which he calls the Mississippi of Africa.
From its delta to its source, we are told
by Mr. B., it is more than three thou-
sand miles in length. In no place is it
less than half a mile wide, and throughout
its entire length would be navigable to
Mississippi steamboats. Its principal tri-
butaries are navigable for more than fif-
teen hundred miles. The immense dis-
trict drained by the Niger and its
branches, is rich in undeveloped resources.
The palm tree grows in luxurious profu-
sion, and from its nut oil, for the supply
of the world's trade could be manufactur-
ed. Cotton, of a long and firm staple, is
believed can be easily produced, and an
immense trade in indigo, African silk,
ivory and skins, could be established with
facility. The great reason why the Eng-
lish have not succeeded better in their
attempts to establish trade, is because
they have confined their operations shod-
dy to ports along the banks of the Ni-
ger, and left the great interior country
unexplored. Trading posts should be
established in the interior, in order to
break up the vast traffic that finds its
way across the deserts. Around these
stations large towns would spring up,
which would soon become the nucleus
of civilization. Mr. Bowen pictured the
country in glowing colors. No one he
said, who had ever lived there, and be-
came acquainted with the resources of
Africa, could ever regret that he had not
been there, to open up a new world
with steamers, to open up a new world
will be repaid in a marvelous manner.

Mr. Bowen's explorations have been
confined almost wholly to that portion of
Western Africa, extending along the River
Niger, and as far eastward as Lake
Tschad. The mountains of Africa are
somewhat remarkable as to their config-
uration. There are no regular chains
—they consist entirely of isolated peaks,
shaped like saddle-backs, and usually
densely covered with wood. Some are
but gigantic boulders of granite rock, ris-
ing thousands of feet above the plains.—
Mr. B. traveled up the St. Paul river
about a hundred miles from its mouth.—
At this distance the stream was over 300
yards in width. Almost the entire sur-
face of Africa, presents but a vast undu-
lating plain, which bears unmistakable
evidence of its once having been cultiva-
ted, and the home of a mighty popula-
tion. All over the country are to be
seen "trays," worn in the rocks by a
process used by the natives for grinding
their corn. Between Lake Tschad and
the Niger, there is an immense table land,
rising thousands of feet above the ocean.
The Great Deserts, from the time of Her-
odotus, have been represented as vast
desolations. Nothing could be more in-
correct according to Mr. Bowen's account.
It is every where inhabited, and contains
within itself two great Republics, having
a literature among the oldest in existence.
The mineral wealth of the country has
been but little explored. Iron, we are
told, is found in every hill. The ruins of
ancient smelting furnaces are numerous.
Copper and lead are to be found in
abundance. Gold in quantities. The
gold region extends over a thousand
miles of this district. The seasons are
characterized by *temporales* commencing
in March and September. The heat is
rarely above ninety degrees. The cli-
mate is exceedingly healthy in certain
districts, none more so than the country
along the River Niger. Mr. Bowen dwelt
somewhat upon the capacity of the na-
tives, forseeing the educated African
an opportunity for developing the vast
resources of the country to an almost un-
limited extent.

When you have lost money in the
streets, every one is ready to help you
look for it; but when you have lost your
character, every one leaves you to recover
it as you can.

If rich, it is easy to conceal our
wealth; but, if poor, it is by no means
easy to conceal our poverty. It is less
difficult to hide a thousand guineas than
one hole in our coat.